



# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Alongwaytogo"

[Phife from "Check the Rhime"] Now here's a funky introduction  
[scratching]

[Chorus 1 x2: Guru]

It's ALONGWAYTOGO, when you don't know where you're going  
You don't know where you're going when you're lost (lost)

[Guru:]

What you need is more direction and get yourself some protection  
I thought by now that you have learned your lesson  
I'm stressin points and slammin all joints you call the real shit  
Correct shit, you know the busta way you feel shit  
Baby, I still don't think you understand  
You lose the game, we get more props than Dan...Rather  
And it don't matter cuz when you flinch, you're weak  
So I'mma step just to speak about the counterfeit, unlegit type of people  
Those cellophane ones, the ones that you can see through  
It's poetic justice cuz I'm mad with a pact  
So precise, my insight will take flight in the night  
And in the daytime, cuz I don't come up with corny rhymes  
I'm too devoted to the concept of gettin mine  
So here's the deal like Shaquille O'Neal  
If you don't know what you're doing, how the hell can you be real?

[Chorus 2 x2:]

[scratching]

[Q-Tip from "Check the Rhime"] How far must you go to gain respect? Um...

[Guru:]

Now in '93, realistically you should be...well aware of all the evils out there  
It's like a jungle sometimes. You get the message?  
You got to rumble sometimes, it's gettin hectic  
Emotions run deep, as times run out  
Solutions...it's time to find some out  
So according to me, suckers are barred  
From obstructing my discussion cuz I rhyme too hard  
You take a wiff like a spliff here, like some fresh air  
I came to claim shit this year (this year)  
So take a stroll down the walkway, or hallway, or runway  
Fuck with us, kid, you'll pay  
I slay...and yo, I'm still on the expressway  
I kick my essay, then you know we don't play  
So pray down on your knees, G  
Cuz it's the best way, yes, the best way, cuz...

[Chorus 1 x2:]

*[Chorus 2 x2:]*

*[Guru:]*

There's a large amount of wack crews. For them, I got bad news

Time to pay your dues, you fools

I'm like express mail, with the script that hits

Like the third rail, when I shock the spot, it's hot

From the rays of the sun

Original one the prophet sent to become

A law giver, cuz you shiver when I quiz ya

All about the real neccessities of life

All about the game and all about the name

G to the A to the N to the G Starr

We know who we are, but do you know who you are?

(*[Richard Pryor:]* You go down there looking for justice, that's what you find, just us)

*[chorus 1: x4]*

*[chorus 2: x4]*

*[scratching] Um... [until end]*

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Code Of The Streets"

Take this for example young brothers want rep  
Cause in the life they're living, you can't half step  
It starts with the young ones doing crime for fun  
And if you ain't down, you'll get played out son  
So let's get a car, you know, a fly whip  
Get a dent, pull a screwdriver, and be off quick  
With a dope ride, yeah, and a rowdy crew  
We can bag us a Benz and an Audi, too  
Even a jeep or a van, goddamn, we're getting ours, yo  
Take a trip up the strip, and be like stars so  
It doesn't matter if the cops be scoping  
They can't do jack, that's why a young brother's open  
To do anything, anywhere, anyplace  
Buckwild in another court case  
It's the code of the streets

They might say we're a menace to society  
But at the same time I say "Why is it me?"  
Am I the target, for destruction?  
What about the system, and total corruption?  
I can't work at no fast-food joint  
I got some talent, so don't you get my point?  
I'll organize some brothers and get some crazy loot  
Selling D-R-U-G-S and clocking dollars, troop  
Cause the phat dough, yo, that suits me fine  
I gotta have it so I can leave behind  
The mad poverty, never having always needing  
If a sucker steps up, then I leave him bleeding  
I gotta get mine, I can't take no shorts  
And while I'm selling, here's a flash report  
Organized crime, they get theirs on the down low  
Here's the ticket, wanna bet on a horse show?  
You gotta be a pro, do what you know  
When you're dealing with the code of the streets

Nine times out of ten I win, with the skills I be weilding  
Got the tec one dealing, let me express my feelings  
Guru has never been one to play a big shot  
It's just the styles I got that keep my mic hot  
Anf fuck turning my back to the street scene  
It gives me energy, so Imma keep fiends  
Coming, just to get what I'm selling  
Maybe criminal or felon dropping gems on your melon  
So keep abreast to the GangStarr conquest  
Underground ruffnecks, pounds of respect  
I've never been afraid to let loose my speech  
My brothers know I kick the code of the streets



# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Brainstorm"

[DJ Premier cuts 'n' scratches lovely] "Get on it"

[Guru]

One two checka, get, down and dirty  
and my sounds are worthy of respect  
So I'ma flex my text just like a, major takeover  
Chumps pass the mic over  
Growin more and more nervous when I serve this ass whoopin  
Comin straight out of Brooklyn, baldhead from the old school  
Born to rule with more class than Billy Dee  
To a pussy emcee, you know a wuss emcee  
I'm like his worst nightmare when I'm on my killin spree  
Pick the vic, who will it be?

[Guru sings]

Your vote may hold the key  
It's up to you, tell us true  
Who'll be, herb of the day?

[Guru]

And your fake, you break, when suckers choose, they lose  
I'm like lethal, to you and your people  
It's like an outrage, when punks step on stage  
with the weak show, weak flow, and still make dough  
So I'ma take dough from em, and then stum em  
Teach em how to really get biz like this  
Me and my Gang's gonna swarm... Brainstorm

[DJ Premier flips it again] "Get on it"

[Guru]

It takes at least, two to tango, so you can get strangled  
from any angle, as I get buck on ducks  
All the, sexy girlies wanna push up close to  
The man with the most who don't flaunt his ego  
Some motherfuckers ain't as gifted  
Not everyone can move the crowd and uplift it  
I'm swift with the shit like a bullet's trajectory  
So don't stand next to me  
It's like a, warm sensation when my shells hit  
You were wrong, you know what you did so you fell quick  
to the pavement, no signs of body movement  
See I knew it, yo I had to do it  
And it's, cool to duel but don't slip up fool  
cause I'ma leave you dead and stinkin like a sesspool  
And all the chicks know what's goin on  
Cause baby, there ain't no sunshine when I'm gone  
And you can beg for me to stay and parlay  
But sorry, I gots to go, got bills to pay

See by nature I'm godly  
When I touch the mic, it's never too hard for me  
to let out, a mastermind of mad clout  
Huh, me and my Gang's gonna swarm... Brainstorm

*[DJ Premier displays turntablism skills]* "Get on it"

*[Guru]*  
I'm gonna get ya  
You might be bigger than me, so I'ma wet ya  
Come into your house to douse it with the  
malatov cocktail, I won't fail  
Burn out your eyeballs, and leave a note in braille  
So what the fuck you gonna do?  
Yea I know I used to act relaxed but now I'm cuckoo  
Come into my darkest deepest thoughts  
We fought I won, and now you're caught and bein tortured  
Water pellets dripped upon your forehead  
but you can't move, because you're tied up  
Your time's up...

# Gang Starr Lyrics

"Tonz 'O' Gunz"

Tons o' guns everybody's getting strapped  
tons o' guns got to watch the way you act  
    tons o' guns real easy to get  
    tons o' guns bringing nothing but death  
    tons o' guns are in the streets nowadays  
    it's big money and you know crime pays  
        check your nearest overpopulated ghetto  
    they greet you with a pistol not trying to say hello  
    mad kids packed 'cos the neighbourhood's like that  
        want some shit that's fat catch a victim do a stick  
        kids pulling triggers, niggas killing niggaz  
        five-o they sit and wait and tally death-toll figures  
            it's crazy there ain't no time to really chill  
            jealous motherfuckers always want to act ill  
                22's 25's 44's 45's  
                mack elevens ak's taking mad lives  
                what the fuck you gonna do in a situation  
        it's like you need to have steel just to feel relaxation  
                tons o' guns

    tons o' guns you got we got they got  
    the state of affairs yo it's like mad chaos  
    i know a kid who just passed the other day  
    they shot him sixteen times so there he lay  
        you can pray for this shit to like cease  
        but until then a nigga's going to pack a piece  
        and yo the devil's got assasination squads  
        want to kill niggaz 'cos they're scared of god  
    they got camps where they train they learn to take aim  
        at a nigga like a piece of game  
        and i'm not seeing that, them days are gone  
    'cos now we got (chromes) to put them where they belong  
        so me a rude boy from and in a brooklyn  
            fuck the bullshit pain and suffering  
            i'm coming off with a foolproof plan  
        as if each every lyric was worth a hundred grand  
                i stand in the face of hatred  
        letting off mad shots making devils run naked  
                tons o' guns

    tons o' guns everybody's getting strapped  
    tons o' guns got to watch the way you act  
        tons o' guns real easy to get  
        tons o' guns bringing nothing but death  
        tons o' guns but i don't glorify  
    'cos more guns will come and much more will die  
        why, yo i don't know black

some motherfuckers just be living like that  
they like to feel the chrome in their hands  
the shit makes them feel like little big man  
    twelve years old catching wreck  
'cos there ain't no supervision putting kids in check  
    people get wounded, others they perish  
and what about the mother and the child she cherish  
    the city is wild up steps the wild child  
    tension anger living in danger  
    what the fuck you gonna do in a situation  
it's like you need to have steel just to feel relaxation  
    tons o' guns

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "The Planet"

*[Guru]*

Boom bash dash, I had to break, I had to getaway  
Packed my bags, to leave for good, it was a Monday  
Kissed my mother, gave my pops a pound  
Then he hugged me, and then he turned around  
I threw the duffelbag over my shoulder  
It was time to get props kid, cause now I'm older  
Time to fend for myself jack  
So I'ma go for mine, and maybe never come back  
Stopped at the lye spot before I hit the train station  
Needed some boom for the mental relaxation  
It took the last of my loot to make this move Troop  
But I ain't even tryin to work in a suit  
Plus my aunt's got a room that's for rent  
As long as there's no hoes and I don't come home bent  
So fuck the bullshit I'm audi  
I'm on a mission, cause if I stay I'll go crazy  
I'm gonna make it god damnit  
Out in B-R-double-O-K-Lyn, The Planet  
They never fake it just slam it  
Out in B-R-O-O-K-Lyn, The Planet

Crash boom bang I used to hang at Four Corners  
And all the spots in Beantown where niggaz carry burners  
But I was more turned on by the micraphone  
So one cold morning, I left home  
Next I'm smokin blunts on ?  
Or workin in a mail room Uptown, feelin sick and  
tired, of payin all these fucked up dues  
I wasn't tryin to lose -- I refused  
Had a chick Uptown, one in Queens and one in Jersey  
Sometimes all you need to get by, is a girlie  
But yo I still wasn't happy  
I seen a lot of ill shit on my block, happen nightly  
East New York is no joke kid  
And peace to my man Hass doin his bad  
I went to Flatbush to buy incense and weed  
Stopped at the bookstands for somethin to read  
That shit was rough cause my pockets was bare  
and like the sayin goes, sometimes life ain't fair  
But in my heart there ain't no quittin  
So I stayed up late, to write some rhymes to some rhythms  
Seconds away from just flippin  
But fuckit I'll maintain, one day I'll be hittin  
See I'ma make it god damnit  
Out in B-R-double-O-K-Lyn, The Planet  
I'll never fake it just slam it

There in B-R-O-O-K-Lyn, The Planet

And you can, walk the walk talk the talk but don't flaunt  
Cause little shorty's scheamin on your rings and fronts  
but don't sweat it, cause that's the life out here  
A lot of niggaz, be livin real trife out here  
I got my own place in Bed-Stuy  
Known to many others, as Do or Die  
Malcolm X Boulevard and Gates Avenue  
Smokin up the fat trey bags with the crew  
Me and the niggaz Troy and Squeaky  
Used to twist Dutch Masters, we got nice weekly  
I used to build with the brothers by the spot  
They had to hustle but they still knew a lot  
To get my haircut had to go to Fort Greene  
on Myrtle Ave, to get a fade with the sides clean  
Then to Fulton just to look around  
Just to roam around, and find a chick to go Uptown  
and check a movie or some shit like that  
I couldn't spend much but yo my game was fat  
I remember this one chick, she brought me a beeper  
Then one week later, she got me some sneakers  
But then I stepped, cause I found out about her rep  
And I ain't goin out bein no bitch's pet  
But anyway I used to lay up in the crib  
Listening to Red and Marley, wishin I was on kid  
Saved my dough, stayed on the down low  
Lounched and drank 40's with Tommy, Hill and Gunsmoke  
And Lil' Dap used to come by strapped  
Nice off a L cause we stayed like that  
Sometimes I used to miss my moms  
Gunshots in the twilight, people fightin every night  
But I'ma be aight still  
Cause I'ma keep writin shit and perfectin my skills  
I'm gonna make it god damnit  
Here in B-R-double-O-K-Lyn, The Planet  
I never fake it just slam it  
Here in B-R-O-O-K-Lyn, The Planet [echoes]

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Speak Ya Clout"

(feat. Jeru the Damaja, Lil Dap)

### [Verse 1: Jeru the Damaja]

Last year record companies were chumpin me  
But now like chicks they all be up on me  
and me so horny, I hit em like a groupie  
Snatch off my hat wash my dick and keep it movin  
Showing and proving on a day to day basis  
I rip New York and a million different places  
State to state country to country  
My skills are legend in the style of poetry  
I've paid my dues to this game word to mother  
Peace New York hops it gets no rougher  
Baby brother been puffing buddha and blunts since eighty-five  
Before the fake motherfuckers started perpetrating live, I've  
achieved mad props though niggaz roll around in jeeps  
I ride the A-Train and get mad beeps  
So when we bang bang boogie out jumps my boot knobs  
Chicks comes in flocks when D.R.S. rocks glocks  
And I mean it it's all done with the mind  
I neutralize suckers because I'm alkaline  
I could go on for days speaking bout my clout  
So Lil Dap snatch the mic and show the motherfucker out

### [Verse 2: Lil Dap]

Yo you can't hide from jail and you can't hide from the street  
Flavors do get deep when you're walking the east  
A unit down from the underground made the brothers unite  
I'm slappin pounds and pounds with real niggaz aight  
Ain't nothing changed but the weather, rain storms or whatever  
You poured a forty on the ground for the brothers who ain't around  
Break it down with the flow as I walk through the ghetto  
A nigga said he couldn't do it til the shit hits the fan  
Last year I was The Man ripping up every jam  
So what's your hobby nothing serious when things get rough  
I'm stepping rugged and tough, and bitches won't get enough  
A Lil Dap what's that? Fuck around you get slapped  
Schizophrenic with rhyme plus we're well organized  
Make the chicks say 'aow' and the brothers say 'ho'  
You can't tell a motherfucker what to do with his life  
Niggaz tend to live trife, so I react with the mic  
It's the end of the time so I got to gets mine  
Aiyyo 'ru, what's your function meet me at Broadway junction  
Before I start to get in it, better yet i just kick it  
Aiyyo son, if you're ready Guru starts to flip it

### [Verse 3: Guru]

Earl, with my three-eight-five shot I bust a bumba claat

He talks dumb a lot so him shall drop  
I got the clout, all you pussy rappers be out  
From the ghetto I let go, shit to make you petrol  
Watching fly niggaz show you how to rhyme asshole  
You know the motherfucking situation  
So get down get down with the Gangstarr Foundation  
Now I'ma touch on reality, chumps can't fuck with me  
and all the honies be loving me  
My style be kicking crazy butt  
Wannabes on their knees licking crazy butt  
Your girl pays me but ain't no need to try and stop her  
I'm Big Poppa fuck your girl and I'll drop her  
cause she be working on my nerves  
and yo I got more gang than the bitch got curves  
I'm like gambino, the slick head honcho  
Ill kid ready to wreck mics pronto  
and I know, I break your back with my rap like smack  
because I'm all that  
And so the next time when you're wishing for my downfall  
I'm a come back to drown y'all  
With stupid lyrics relative to a bloodbath  
And stay the fuck out my path...

# Gang Starr Lyrics

"DWYCK"

(feat. Nice & Smooth)

[Intro: Greg Nice]

Ah yeah, here's another Gangstarr sure shot, featuring the one and only, uh heh heh heh handly handly boy, Nice & Smooth, hey, hey,  
HEY, HEY!!!!

Ganstarr has got to be da sure shot  
Nice & Smooth has got to be da sure shot  
[x2]

[Greg Nice]

Greg Nice!!! Greg N-I-C-E  
Droppin dem basso, ah oui oui  
Rock for a fee, not for free  
Maybe I'll do it for charity  
Now my employer or my employee  
Is makin Greg N-I-C-E very M-A-D  
Don't ever ever think of jerkin me  
I work to hard for my royalty  
Put lead in ya ass and drink a cup of tea  
Peace to Red Alert and Kid Capri  
Ooohh la la ah oui oui, I say Muhammad Ali, ya say Cassius Clay  
I say butter you say Parkay  
It's alright if ya wanna make a sway  
I'm a way up town, took duece to the tre  
I originate, they duplicate  
I praise the lord and keep the faith  
It's alright keep bitin at da bait  
'92, uh!!, one year later  
Peace out Premier take me out wit da fader

[Premier scratches and hooks]

[Guru]

I chant eenie meenie, minie moe  
I wreck da mic like a pimp pimps hoes  
Here's how it goes I am a genius I mean this  
I shake this you'll take this  
I'm kinda fiendish  
You wish that you could come into my neighborhood  
Meaning my mental state  
Still I'm 5 foot 8  
Crazy as I wanna be  
Cause I make it orderly  
You could say I'm sorta da boss so get lost  
The brotha dat will make you change opinions  
Dominions I'm in them when it's time to kick shit from

The heart, plus I get a piece of the action  
I'm feelin satisfaction from the street crowd reaction  
Chumps pull guns when they feel afraid, too late  
When they dip in the kick they get sprayed  
Lemonade was a popular drink and in still is  
I get more props den stunts den Bruce Willis  
A poet like Langston Hughes and can't lose when I cruise  
Out on the expressway  
Leavin the Bodega I say "suave"  
Premier's got more beats den barns got hay  
Clips are inserted into my gun  
So I can take the money, neva have ta run

*[Premier scratches and hooks]*

*[Smooth B]*

I left my Phillie at home  
Do you have another?  
I wanna get blunted my brother  
Now may I make a mark  
Then make a spark over this phat track  
Or should I say dope beat  
Subtract, delete  
All of the wick wack that wanna be abstract  
But they lack the new knack that's comin from way way back  
Hey yo Premier, please pass that buddha sack  
You hear we quit?  
No way, bullshit  
I told ya before we come back wit more hits  
I provide bright flava, so you could sketch me  
Do me a favor, dont try and catch me  
Slightly ahead of the game, I'm not a lame  
Ask him, he'll tell you the same he knows my name  
Smooth, I drop jewels like, paraphenalia  
I'm infallable, not into failure  
Like a rhinocerus, my speed is prosperous  
And pure knowledge expands from my esophagus  
I write here tonite to bring truth to the light  
My dialogue is my own cause Smooth B will neva bite

*[Premier scratches and hooks]*

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Words From The Nutcracker"

(feat. Melachi the Nutcracker (Group Home))

Sick thoughts on my mind with no self-control  
Uplift your soul and make the brothers wanna roll  
Sixteen years old with heart that's gold  
Yo check it check it out like this, here we go  
Run around the streets cold strapped like an alley rat  
But now I'm gettin much props like a fat cat  
A young mack but I don't think I'm all that  
I just can't sweat another brother's bozack  
So what the fuck, y'all movin on up  
Gonna swim in big bucks, like Scrooge McDuck  
And if ya don't like and you wanna step up  
Then open your mouth, and suck my nuts  
Melachi the Nutcracker, I'm always gettin blacker  
Fatter, I bust a fat rhyme to make your head shatter  
I'm from the Bronx, New York City  
The big fuckin Apple where the niggaz get busy  
God bless the dead, and God rest my pops  
Peace to the niggaz goin out bustin shots..

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Mass Appeal"

[Verse 1: Guru]

No way you'll never make it  
Come with the weak shit, I break kids  
Step into my zone, mad rhymes will stifle ya  
Lines like rifles go blast when I kick some ass  
A lot of rappers be like one time wonders  
Couldn't say a fly rhyme if there was one right under  
Their noses, I hate those motherfuckin posers  
But I'm so real to them it's scary  
And with my unique skills nag you can't compare me  
And no we don't make wack tracks  
and all the suckers get pushed back when I'm kickin real facts  
I represent set up shit like a tent boy  
You're paranoid cause you're my son like Elroy  
And you'd be happy as hell to get a record deal  
Maybe your soul you'd sell to have mass appeal

[Verse 2:]

Oh yes I'm greater than all MC's when I breeeze give me room please  
I be like fascinatin when I be updatin  
Cuttin off wack kids, pullin their trump cards  
I thump hard, and mak eem say that I'm God  
Niggaz be pretendin they hardcore  
Never know the meaning of (real hardcore)  
But I get props like a slogan and no man  
Could ever try to diss when I kicks my jam  
Lyrically def and connecting complete mic wrecking  
No double checking vocals kill like weapons  
But if I have to I go all out with no mic  
Yeah that's right cause I survived mad fights  
And for my peeps I truly care  
Cause without some of them I wouldn't be here  
And they all know how I feel  
Cause suckers be like playin themselves to have mass appeal

[Verse 3:]

I know I'm dope but don't wet that  
I've suffered setbacks but now I'm makin greenbacks  
Just like baggy slacks I'm crazy hip-hop  
Check one two and you don't stop  
Your head'll bop when I drop my crop  
of pure bomb, just like the seashore I'm calm  
But wild, with my monotone style  
Because I don't need gimmicks  
Gimme a fly beat and I'm all in it  
Word is bond I go on and on  
For you it's tragic I got magic like wands

So I'ma end this lecture and I betcha  
Those who kick dirt and do time I'm gonna get cha  
Cause I be kickin the real  
While they be losin the race tryin to chase mass appeal

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Blowin' Up The Spot"

*[Guru]*

Ah so now ya got me pissed off, blast off lift off  
Time for me to twist off a vocal fist off  
into your domepiece, Homepeace, I heard your chick wants to bone me  
I get, wild like rugby, respected like Bugsy  
Don't even ask me, cause I'm livin lovely  
Born to succeed, foes bleed, true indeed  
The oral combat will romp that, your one of my seeds  
when I first, busted on the scene  
Nigga, you knew I had more than a gangsta lean  
I mean my lean is gangsta though so check it  
I'll stick an MC for his spot and sign in blood on his wack record  
Boo-ya-ka, to your face as I ruin ya  
Clown ya, dumbfound ya, while I'm screwin the  
fuck out cha girl as she steps into my world  
I'm not the tallest, but that ass I'll polish  
And if the hooker runs her mouth she gets cut off  
But then you'll sweat her, cause like my leather you're butter soft  
Your style stinks kid, ya garbage  
And if you keep talkin shit, I'ma make ya pay homage  
Cause the G to the U to the R-U, came too far to  
let you slide through, rhymes will scar you  
And who the fuck are you anyway?  
I catch more wreck in a minute than if you rhyme for ten days  
Throw the cash in the pot  
You betta dash nigga, cause I'm blowin up the spot

"I'm bout to blow the fuck up"

*[Premier scratches]*

*[Guru]*

No ex-capin the explosion, those who are dozin, I close in  
Set the thermostat at sub-zero, they're frozen  
Extreme temperatures from my mic, stuns amateurs  
Unable to conquer the Gang, I ain't mad at cha  
Peace to Jeru, the Big Shug and the Group Home  
Keepin it real, no playin niggaz or chrome  
I'm way past the kid shit, brothers already did shit  
You want some props? Yo dog, here's a biscuit  
I'm a smooth nigga and my groove's bigga, move nigga  
And we don't care who's wit cha, got the picture?  
And you don't wanna hear the burners go pop  
Gang Starr motherfucker, what, blowin up the spot

"I'm bout to blow the fuck up"

*[Premier scratches]*

*[Guru]*

I go from one format then switch to the next  
Reflex sets the pitch vocals rip through projects  
Crazy shouts are heard all around  
Cause the GangStarr sound carries more weight per pound  
I got some brand new Timbs, so emcees sing new hymns  
You betta repent, come correct, represent  
or get stomped, smacked and slapped, cap peeled back  
I got you open, and now you cling to my sac  
Get off, hands off, stay off, you're way off  
You rookie motherfuckers it's the finals not the playoffs  
I'll break you up into particles, to small pieces  
Because your brain is minuscule  
You little fool, come learn the tools of the trade  
I made the rules so go to school and get played  
Just when you're thinkin that your jam is hot  
Up steps the niggaz who be blowin up the spot

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Suckas Need Bodyguards"

MC's be fakin' so now they get taken

*[Chorus:]*

Fake MC's, they always act hard  
But won't walk the street without they bodyguard  
I hate fake MC's, they always act hard  
But won't walk the street without they bodyguard

*[Verse 1:]*

MC's I lay out like stiffness in the morgue  
Praise the lord you're in awe when I'm grippin the mic cord  
Rhymes I rip with swift execution  
One verse to coerce your girl to prostitution  
The Guru is now the brother you fear and  
beware when I'm making hits with premier and  
Rolling to a spot near you, lyrics tear through  
Chrome to your dome you better watch your rear view  
Niggaz been held back too long we're coming up  
In the streets we roll alone so watch me running up  
I'm summing up a mad posse of warriors  
Night crusaders able to break down barriers  
and bringing faces of death putting mc's to rest  
until there's no fake chumps left  
Run, step, yeah bounce nigga bounce  
My rhyme's a (cargo) when yours is just a quarter ounce

*[Chorus x4]*

*[Verse 2:]*

Gangstarr boy and that's beyond your comprehension  
Mad brothers in every city you can feel the tension  
To stop the killing wack mc's must die  
Who am ? I'm the substance that'll make your third eye cry  
Too potent, too high in intelligence quotient  
when I unleash my speech I'll have you punk rappers open  
I won't expose your names and your identities  
You know you're phoney get the fuck from in front of me  
Hardcore fans are fed up from your folklore  
Lines strip you raw and infect you like cold sores  
and I hope you're not the one that I'm after  
Since the days of adidas I've been a true master

*[Chorus x4]*

*[Verse 3:]*

I've been around punk but yo i still feel young  
A few of my crew members like to pack guns

I'm high strung but don't mistake me when I smile  
I murder an entire rap chart with my freestyle  
After the killing just like casper I'm ghost  
Fakes thought I was friendly, at their wakes I was host  
Toast without a gun you'd be done  
Throw up your hands bitch and now you know you stand to lose one  
Choose one metaphor and then choose another  
Wax that ass like a bully have you calling your big brother  
Although I'm five foot eight they call me sargeant  
Got more hoes in my dick than you can fit in the garden  
At Madison Square I shot a fair one  
So many niggaz knew me that the kid wouldn't dare run  
MC's pay cash to ensure their safety  
They know they can't take me; the G-A-N-G, you crazy?  
I be on them like a message from god  
Knowledge of self while fake mc's play hard

*[Chorus x4]*

*[Outro x2:]*  
Fake mc's they always act hard  
I'm not a sucker so I don't need a bodyguard

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Now You're Mine"

*[Guru]*

Yo Duke, you're dead wrong; tou'll never have the skills like mine  
I write the ill type rhymes now I'm reaching my prime  
360 dunk in your face  
You can't compete, you're just a basket case  
Let's separate the men from the boys  
And put your money where your mouth is, no time for toys  
Your game is weak you geek so don't sleep  
Cause I'll be checkin ya, wreckin ya, when I start to creep  
through the backdoor - I know I caught you out there  
You got no clout here, and I doubt there  
is anyway that you can stop the beat down  
You better play the background, and sit back down  
Chumps like you, I gotta keep 'em in line  
So prepare to suffer boy, cause now you're mine

*[DJ Premier scratching]*

*[Guru]*

I'll fake you left and go right, straight down the lane  
Here's one in your eye; you'll feel pain  
You strain - to put together some strategy  
But you're raggedy, and i'll be glad to see  
The frown on your grill when I drill and thrill  
Set up my offense, commence to kill  
I'll be leadin from beginnin to end  
And after I pound ya, you're gonna wanna make friends  
And make amends for the silly, trash you were talking  
Take a walk and your shots I'm swattin  
with ease, and the ladies are swoonin  
Clockin my swiftness, while you're droolin  
You oughtta practice up and get your game refined  
I've been waitin to dog you, and now you're mine

*[DJ Premier scratching]*

*[Guru]*

Hurry up sucker, go ahead and pick your squad  
Try to play hard.. but I'ma rob  
you of your crazy notions to defeat me  
You're weak see, I'm rough hardcore  
And even be down to give you a rematch  
After I wax and tax that butt  
When I slam the alley-oop, you can rally troops  
But I'll play the awesome defense  
I'll pick your pocket, and send you to the bench  
With tears in your eyes as you realize the prize is for me

Yes all the money  
Son, my form is too nice, my handle's precise  
I'll take you right or go left  
Because my game's so def, and now you're mine

*[DJ Premier scratching]*

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Mostly Tha Voice"

*[Refrain:]*

It's mostly tha voice, that gets you up  
It's mostly tha voice, that makes you buck  
A lot of rappers got flavor, and some got skills  
But if your voice ain't dope then you need to (chill... chill...)

Up steps one, and he gets done  
Then up steps another, he gets smothered  
That's word to mother, or should I say moms  
I drop bombs, scorchin niggaz like napalm  
Sucka, boy, get off my shit  
Get off my dick so what I make butter hits  
You better change your behavior, battling Gangstarr  
No religion could save ya  
My religion is rap, R-A-P  
R-E-A-L-I-T-Y, G  
Cause when I rock street kids rejoice  
I got mad rhymes, still

*[Refrain]*

So when you think you know the whole you don't even know the half  
You're not a threat to myself, and neither to my staff  
Not the type to really dance too much, although I used to  
Rather bust a fresh line, and get loose to  
The blunted ill types of beats Premier makes  
Makes your girl's rear shake, let me set it straight

*[Refrain]*

Some rappers use hooks to this shit  
But if you took that shit out  
and you took all the music out  
What would remain? The voice no doubt  
Bless my soul I control  
when in pimp mode  
My bank roll expands  
I invest in my man  
I plan, to keep rap real  
so if your shit ain't fat then kneel  
You squeal, feeling pain from my oral flex  
what about oral sex, which chick's next  
To open wide and get a chunk from a real brother  
Yeah, some real funk from a real brother  
They get sprung and most of them don't recover  
But I don't diss em I just talk to em  
Cause the sound, of my voice, it does a lot to em

So you and, the niggaz right there  
Be aware, like SWV, I'm right here  
Waitin to correct your ass  
And if you don't follow now I'll disrespect your ass  
More Vicious than Sid, do a crime with no bid  
I tell a bitch that I didn't when you know that I did  
Take a trip to a land a-far  
Then come back, and people still know Gangstarr  
See I'm the ladies choice  
Cause I got crazy styles, still

*[Refrain]*

*[Outro: Guru, Shug]*  
Oh shit Shug, whattup  
(Whassup money?)  
Just loungin, about to go do this shit in the studio  
(Oh yeah, you just let me get on that shit)  
You always said I could get on, you need to let me get on that)  
Word?  
(For real man)  
Yo man  
(Don't front on that shit)  
I'm sayin yo, if I let you get busy, youknowhatl'msayin  
you can't be dissapointin me  
(I flip shit, I'ma flip shit on this)  
Aight man, let's go

# Gang Starr Lyrics

"F.A.L.A."

(feat. Big Shug)

Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die [x3]

[Das EFX] "You figgedy fuck around, you lay around"

[Big Shug]

Word to Joe Frazier, got ta do what pays ya

Give a nigga pain, like displeasure

But close your hips in, nigga you can't win

I walk around, with a scowl and a grin

Parties try to rock me, chicks try to clock me

Niggaz try to block me, but they can't stop me

I'm a bad man, understand where I come from

Treatin niggaz dumb, as I drink my rum

I'm a mad man, I get respect with the Tec

Put punks in check, Shug's on the set

I'm the one with the game, the twelve round

CRACK to the concrete, from the underground

I'm a bad nigga, how do you figure to take me

You cannot break me, so don't mistake me

for your brother, I'm not a punk motherfucker see

I did my time, and now I'm FREE

I'm a dope one, ready to rip and wreck shop

I will not stop, I won't be dropped by the cops

I'm bad, understand me with the game I kick

I got crazy bitches like a Trojan on my dick

[Guru]

Yo Hobb we got more rep than Lucky Luciano

Suckers we wet to the sound of the dope piano

This is something you can't handle, here's one example

I got your head as a trophy up on the mantle

Each and every sect we wreck, the crowd's electrified

Mystified, you get dissed, when you try, you die

Fish niggaz, they get fried upon my skillet

I kill it, fuck it, my shit is on hit

and hittin you blaow (BLAOW) so what you wanna do now?

You stepped up, I whacked ya, you crept up, I smacked ya

Got infinite length, with the strength of a real master

If you don't bow down now you'll get plowed down now

You know, like POW

Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die [x3]

So Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die

Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die [x2]

[Das EFX] "You figgedy fuck around, you lay around"

[Guru]

Word to Mike Tyson, hit you quick like lightnin  
Swing my left jab first, and then come in with the right  
    Cold deck ya, nah I could never respect a  
    punk like you, you get dropped like one two  
and you're out son, just like a one round bout son  
    The outcome, is that you'll get that ass hung  
Easily, swiftly, you'ew stupid you can't get with me

Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die [x2]  
I said Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die

*[Big Shug]*

Fumin! HEAHHH, I'm boomin down on niggaz  
I figure, how could they take out a big nigga  
They don't know, so I don't never give em a clue  
That's you and you and you, and oh yeah you  
    You can't get with this or take me down  
I'm always laughin HA HA cause you punks are clowns  
    Since I'm passin emcees, with my skill  
I'm up on the hill, and I force them dudes to chill  
    Rippin up shit as I do, because I'm violent  
That's why when I walk in the room, punks are silent  
    My name is Shug, as if you didn't know  
I'm pimpin hard, and punks are just a hoe

Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die [x2]  
I said you Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die  
    Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die  
I said you Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die  
    Fuck Around, Lay Around, do or die [x2]  
*[Das EFX] "You figgedy fuck around, you lay around"*

*[Big Shug]*

Yea yea that's Shug for ninety-three  
I wanna say whattup to all my people, yaknowhatl'msayin?  
We got the Guru in the house, and my man Lil' Dap  
    Showin motherfuckers where we're truly at  
I wanna say whattup to my homegirl, my main girl and my kids  
    Whassup Kerry, Marie and Lisa how y'all chillin?  
I know y'all in the motherfuckin house too, yea!  
I like to say whattup also, to all the peoples back home  
that know what time it is, and the niggaz tryin to get real  
    And on that note, right  
I'ma get the fuck up out of here

*[Das EFX] "You figgedy fuck around, you lay around"*  
*[DJ Premier cuts and scratches this line to the end]*

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Comin' For Datazz"

[Run-D.M.C.] "Here we come, here we come, here we kiddy-come-come"

*[Guru]*

I hit the chicks with the nice round heinies  
Play a hoe like a hoe, play a sucka like stymied  
Try me, and you'll descend into your end  
Never thought it could be you well think again my friend  
My pen illuminates, and dooms the fakes  
You're soon to break, you're strawberry like shortcake  
I'm in that ass with my Timbs all day  
You couldn't tarnish my rep, so you crept away  
Just behave and be a good son -- or else  
I'm bringin the noise cause most emcees are puns  
I used to chill in Roxbury now I'm comin outta Brooklyn  
Herb niggaz are assed out, y'all get taken  
or taken, and that's word to all rude bwoy Jamaican  
I swing bitch, yes I'm crankin  
Just like an Alpine, a deadly rhyme, brand spankin new  
Pumped to put some lead in your crew  
A hollow point shot, cause your weak shallow point's  
not hittin -- should've gave up from the beginning  
But since you're bluffin with your tape that's trash  
Tell your peeps that we comin for datazz

[Run-D.M.C.] "Here we come, here we come, here we kiddy-come-come"

Whose that lurkin in the dark with the hoodie strapped;  
puffin on a blizz, mellow meditatin black?  
I ain't impressed cause the rest they fess  
Sometimes I wanna flip, clap a hole in they chest  
but I lay back, as I prepare for the payback  
And drop the master rhymes with the mad crew from wayback  
I stay back, I watch, the whole job, you botched  
Couldn't maintain, it's like your brain just stopped  
But the Gang is on the prowl kid like Lector  
Paint a logo with your blood so you niggaz remember  
the Chain and the Star, mysticle and never typical  
The average rap group, ain't even equipped to go  
head up, I'm dead up, you ducks could never last  
You fakin jacks, we comin for datazz

[Run-D.M.C.] "Here we come, here we come, here we kiddy-come-come"

I heard some hardheaded punks wanna see me  
Jealous of a nigga just because he's on TV  
You know the video shows that you be watchin  
Call up and request so you can see it more often

My persona sheds more light than a nova  
Cause niggaz are soldier, yo this war, it ain't over  
And ain't no stopping like McFadden and Whitehead  
You might get dead, fuckin around like you do  
Pursue the knowledge that's available  
Before your chump-style game and your punk friends fail you  
Gonna dissect your brain for a minute  
Look at your puny ass world and what's in it  
Nothin, that's how long you've been frontin  
I figured by now that you've come up with somethin  
But you're still the same snake with my name on your mouth  
Wanna know what I'm doin, wanna know why I shine?  
Cause I'm the rebirth, so now you gotta see me first  
I kick more facts than paperbacks for research  
and knees hurt, next you feel em bucklin  
The huge pussy look on your face reveals the sucker  
inside of ya, because I checked the way you're ridin the  
jimsome, better sing more than a hymn son  
Never sustain the true pain of my wisdom  
Never be able to touch GangStarr  
True indeed, I believe in takin my words far  
Across the seas and deserts, through the trees and grass  
And if you ain't on point, then we comin for datazz

*[Run-D.M.C.] "Here we come, here we come, here we kiddy-come-come"  
[DJ Premier cuts n scratches]*